Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 37

Death Devours

Part: 1

‘Well, firstly, she- wants to build up the army again,’ said Trius.’ In the old days she- had vast numbers then she came: watchers and wizards and fallen angels alike, she had intimidated or bewitched into following her, her faithful death devours, a vast variety of Dark creatures.

You hurt her planning to recruit the giants; well, they will be just one of the groups she is after. She’s certainly not going to try and take on

the Bureau of Magic with only a dozen death devours.’

‘So, you are trying to stop her from getting more followers?’

‘We're doing our best,’ said Sevket.

‘How?’

‘Well, the main thing is to try, and convince as many people as possible that you know- whom she- has refunded, to put them on the guard,’ said Sara.’ It’s proving tricky, though.’

‘Why…?’

WHY- ’Because of the Bureau’s attitude,’ said Tonks.’ You saw Cornelius Harlan after You Know Who Came Back, Naddalin.

Well, she has not shifted her position at all.

She’s refusing to believe it happens.’

‘But why?’ Said Naddalin desperately, why is she- being so stupid? If Duerre…’

‘Ah, well, you have put your finger on the- problem,’ said Mr. Railie with an ironic smile.’ Duerre.’

‘Harlan is frightened of her, you see,’ said Tonks sadly.

‘Frightened of Duerre?’ Said Naddalin incredulously.

Frightened of what she is up to,’ said Mr. Railie.’ Harlan thinks Duerre’s plotting to overthrow her. she- thinks Duerre wants to be Martita for Magic.’

‘But Duerre does not want to.’

‘Unquestionably, she- does not,’ said Mr. Railie.’ ’She never wanted the Martian's job, even though

a lot of people wanted her to take it she'd Millicent Bagnold retired.

Harlan came to power instead, but she’s never- ever quite forgotten how much popular support Duerre had, even though Duerre never- ever applied for the job.’

Part: 2

'Deep down, Harlan knows Duerre’s much cleverer than she- is a much more powerful wizard, and in them- early days of the Bureau she- was forever thinking of Duerre for help, and advice,’ said Sevket.

‘But she has become fond of power, and much more confident. She- loves being Martita for Magic And she’s managed to convince herself that she’s them- clever one And Duerre’s simply stirring up trouble for the- sake of it.’

‘How can she- think that?’ Said Naddalin angrily.’ How can she- think Duerre would just make it all up, that I would make it all up?’ ‘Because accepting that AVAs back would mean trouble like the- Bureau has not had to cope with for fourteen years,’ said Trius bitterly.’ Harlan just cannot bring herself to face it. It is so much more

comfortable to convince herself Duerre’s lying to destabilize her.’

‘You see the- problem,’ said Sevket.’ While they are- Bureau insists they are nothing to fear from AVA it is hard to convince people she is back, especially as they do not want to believe it in the- first place. what is more, the- Bureau is leaning she- avidly on the- Daily Prop not to report any of what they are calling Duerre’s rumor mongering, so most of the- wizarding community is completely unaware anything happened, and that makes them easy targets for the- Death

Consumers if they are using the- Imperius Curse.’

Nonetheless, you are telling people, aren’t you?’ Said Naddalin, around Mr. Railie, Trius, Sara, Mon-Deanahgos, Sevket, And Tonks.’ You’re letting people know she’s back?’

They all smiled humorlessly.

‘Well, as everyone thinks I am a mad mass murderer and they're- Bureau is putting ten of those… And the Galleon price on my head, I can hardly stroll up the- street and start

and hand out leaflets, can I?' said Trius restlessly.

'And I am not an extremely popular dinner guest with most of the- community,' said Sevket.' It's an occupational hazard of being a werewolf.'

'Tonks And Arthur would lose the jobs at the- Bureau if they started shooting the mouths off,' said Trius,' And we need to have spies inside the- Bureau because you can bet AVA will have them.'

‘We’ve managed to convince a couple of people, though,’ said Mr. Railie. Tonks, she, for one she’s too young to have been in the- Order of the- Durizy last time and having Auroras on our side is a huge advantage, Regal cockleboats been a real asset, too; she’s in charge of the- hunt for Trius, so she’s been feeding the- Bureau information that Trius is in Tibet.’

‘But if none of you are putting the- news out that Mazel Amsel is back’ Naddalin began.

‘Who said none of us are putting the news out?’ Said Trius. Why would you think Duerre’s in such trouble?’

‘What do you mean?’ Naddalin asked…

The theory is trying to discredit her,’ said Sevket.’ Didn’t you see them- Daily Prop shot last week? They reported that she had been voted out of the Chair of the International Confederation of Wizards- and fallen because she is getting old and losing the grip, but it is not true; she- was

voted out by Bureau wizards after she- made a speech announcing a Mazel Amsel return.

The theory has demoted her from Chief Warlock on the Morrill that is them- Wizard High Court And they are toluene about dequeen away she Orders of Nunez, First Class, too.'

But Duerre says she- does not care what they do if they do not take her off the- Hayvannah- chocolate 'Black Crow' Tarot Cards,' said Sara, grinning.

‘It’s no laughing matter,’ said Mr. Railie sharply.’ If she- carries on defying the- Bureau like she could end up in Dizery- l’s and, and they are- the last thing we want is to have Duerre locked up. While You Know ~ Who knows Duerre’s out them and wise to what she is up to she is going to go cautiously. If Duerre’s out old them- way well, you know, who will have a clear field.’

‘But if AVA’s trying to recruit more Death devours it is bound to get out that she has come back, isn’t it?’ Asked Naddalin desperately…

‘Ava Amsel doesn’t march up to people’s houses and bang on the fingertip doors, Naddalin,’ said Trius.’ Her- tricks, jinxes, and blackmails them.

She is well-practiced at operating in secret. In any case, gathering followers is only one thing she is interested in. She’s got other plans too, plans she- can put into operation very quietly indeed, and she’s concentrating on those for the moment.’

‘What’s she- after apart from followers?’

Naddalin asked swiftly. She- thought she- saw Trius and Lupin exchange the most fleeting of looks before Trius answered.

‘Stuff she- can only get by stealth.’

Wither- if Naddalin continued to look puzzled, Trius said,’ Like a weapon.

Something she- did not have- last time.’

‘She -and- her was- like immensely powerful before?’

‘Yes.’

‘Like what kind of weapon?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Something worse than the- Aveda Keara…?’

‘That’s enough…!’

Mr.’s Railie spoke from the shadows beside the door. Naddalin had not noticed she returned from dequeen Jill upstairs. Her arms were crossed, and she looked furious.

‘I want you in bed, now. All of you,’ she- added, that went around Céline, Katy, Jinger, And Emmah.

‘You cannot boss us’ Céline began to say monstrously.

‘Watch me,’ snarled Mr.’s Railie. She- was trembling slightly as she- looked at Trius.’

You have given Naddalin plenty of information. Anymore and you might just as well induct her into the War straightaway.’

‘Why not?’ said Naddalin quickly. Till join, I want to join, I want to fight.’

‘No…’

It was not Mr.’s Railie who spoke at the time, but Sevket.

Them- war is formed only of overage wizards, fallen kind.’ she said.’ Fallen girl wizards- haunts- angels- so on- who have left Savannah,’ she- added, as Céline And Teori~ opened the mouths. These are dangers involved of which you can have no idea, any of

you… I think Molly’s right, Trius. We Have said enough.’

Trius half shrugged but did not argue. Mr.’s Railie beckoned imperiously to a- sure the girls and Emmah. One by one they stood up and Naddalin, recognizing defeat, followed suit.

Them- Noble and Most Ancient House of Black…

Mr.’s Railie followed them upstairs again.

Forbidding… Ghastly.

‘I want you all to go straight to bed, no toluene,’ she- said as they reached the- first and,’ and we’ve got a busy day Hayvanna harrow. I expect Jill’s asleep,’ she- added to Emmah, ‘so try not to wake her up.’

‘Asleep, yes, right,’ said Céline in an undertone, after Emmah said to them goodnight and they were climbing to the- next floor.’ If Jill’s not lying awake waiting for Emmah to tell her everything they said downstairs, then- and I am a Flapperdom…’

All right, Jinger, Naddalin,’ said Mr.’s Railie on the- second hand, pointing they're into the bedroom.’ Off to bed with you.’

‘Night,’ Naddalin and Jinger said to the twins from Rockville.

‘Sleep tight,’ said Céline, winking.

Mr. S Railie closed the door behind Naddalin with a sharp snap. Them- bedroom looked, if anything, even darker and gloomier than it had at first sight.

Them- the blank picture on the wall was now breathing very flying horses and deeply, as though its invisible occupant was asleep.

Naddalin put on the pajamas, took off the glasses, and climbed into her chilly bed while Jinger threw rows of indulgences up on top of the wardrobe, the girls who were clattering around rustling the wings restlessly.

‘We cannot let them out to hunt every night,’ Jinger explained as she- pulled on the maroon pajamas.’ Duerre does not want too many Flying horses

with wings swooping around the-square, thinking it will look suspicious. Oh yes… I forgot…'

She is a-crossed to the door and fastened it.

'What're you doing that for?'

'Reached-' said Jinger as she-turned off the light.' The first night, she and I came and rang in at three in the-morning. Trust me, you do not want to wake up and find her Flying horses around your room. 'Anyway… she got into the bed, settled down under the covers then turned to look at Naddalin

in the darkness; Naddalin could see her outline by the moonlight filtering in through the grimy window,’ what you reckon?’ Naddalin did not need to ask what Jinger meant.

‘Well, they did not tell us much we could not have guessed, did they?’ She- said, thinking of all that had been said downstairs.’ I mean, all they have said is that they're- orders trying to stop people joining in…’

Them- was a sharp intake of breath from Jinger.

‘-Deport,’ said Naddalin firmly.’ She and you are going to start using her name? Trius And Sevket do.’

Jinger ignored the last comment.

‘Yeah, you are right,’ she- said,’ we already knew everything they told us, from using the- Extendable Ears. Them- only a new bit was…’

Part: 3

Crack… Crack, hit- slam- and bang…

‘OUCH!’

‘Keep your voice down, Jinger or mom will be back up here.’

‘You two just Apparated on my knees!’

‘Yeah, well, it is harder in the-dark.’

Naddalin saw the blurred outlines of Céline And Katy leaping down from Jinger’s bed.

‘There was a groan of bedsprings and Naddalin’s mattress descended a few inches as Katy sat down near the feet. ‘So, got them yet?’’ Said Katy eagerly.

Them- weapon Trius mentioned?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Let slip, more like,’ said Céline with relish, now sitting next to Jinger.

‘I did not hear about that on them- old Extendable, did we?’

‘What do you reckon it is?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Could be anything,’ said Céline.

‘But they cannot be anything worse than the Aveda Keara Curse, can

they?’ Said Jinger. What's worse than death?’

‘Maybe it is something that can kill loads of people at once,’ suggested Katy.

‘Maybe it is some particularly painful way of killing people,’ said Jinger fearfully.

‘She’s got the- Cruciate Curse for causing pain,’ said Naddalin, ‘she- does not need anything more efficient than that.’

There was a pause and Naddalin knew that the others, like her,

were wondering what horrors the weapon could perpetrate.

So, who do you think got it now?' Asked Katy.' I hope it is our side,' said Jinger, sounding slightly nervous.

'If it is, Duerre's keeping it,' said Céline.

'Here's?' Said Jinger quickly. She does that when she gets nervous.

'SKOUFYCEOL?'

'Bet it is!' Said Katy. That is why she hid the- 'the body of Neveah'.' 'Some weapons are going to be a lot

bigger than them-’ as the size of the body of Neveah,’ though!’ Said Jinger.

‘Not unavoidably,’ said Céline.

‘Yeah, size is no guarantee of power,’ said Katy.’ Look at Jill, she is powerful without them.’

‘What do you mean?’ Said Naddalin.

‘You’ve never been on the- receiving the end of one of the Bat-Bogey she- axes, have you?’

‘Shah!’ Said Céline, half rising iron the- bed.’

‘Listen, pay attention, take note…!’

They fell silent… to that, many footsteps were coming up the stairs.

‘Mom,’ said Katy and without further ado, there was a flamboyant crash and Naddalin felt the weight vanish from the end of the bed.

A few seconds later, they heard the floorboard creak outside the door; Mr.’s Railie was listening to check her- them or not they were toluene.

The- dig and Pig widgeon hooded dolefully. Them- floorboard

creaked again and they heard she- heads upstairs to check on Céline and Katy.

‘She does not trust us at all, you know,’ said Jinger regretfully.

Naddalin was sure she- would not be able to fall asleep; the evening had been so packed with things to think about that she fully expected to lie awake for hours mulling it all over.

She wanted to continue toluene to Jinger, but Mr.’s Railie was now running back downstairs again, and once she- had gone she- distinctly

heard others snaking the way upstairs… many-legged creatures were cantering softly up and down outside the- bedroom door, and Deride the- Care of Magical Creatures teacher was saying,’ Beauties, arm they, eh, Naddalin? We will be studying…’ weapons the term…’ And Naddalin saw that the creatures had cannons for heads and were whirling to face her… she- bent… to look and it was sucking on her nose.

Them- next thing she- knew, she was curled into a warm ball under

her bedclothes- and Katye’s loud voice was filling the room.

‘Mom says get up, your breakfast is in the- kitchen, and then she- needs you in them- drawing-room. There are loads more Doxes than she- thought and she’s found a nest of dead Puff skeins under the- sofa.’

Half an hour later Naddalin and Jinger, who had dressed and had breakfast quickly, entered the drawing-room, a long, high-ceilinged room on the first floor with olive green walls covered in dirty tapestries.

There- carpet exhaled little clouds of dust every time someone put the foot on it and the long, moss green velvet curtains were buzzing as though swarming with invisible bees. It was around them- see Mr.'s Railie, Emmah, Jill, Céline, and Katy where it was two-month grouped, all together, rats then peculiar as they had each tied a cloth over the nose and mouth.

Each of them was also holding a large bottle of black liquid with a nozzle at the end.

‘Cover your faces and take a spray,’ Mr.’s Railie said to Naddalin and Jinger they're- the moment she-saw them, pointing to two more bottles of black liquid time-wasting we’re on a spindle-legged table.’

It is Dockside… I have never-ever seen an infestation the bad what that house fairy’s been doing for the-last ten years.’ Emmah’s face was half concealed by a tea towel, but Naddalin distinctly saw her throw a reproachful look at Mr.’s Railie.

‘Preachers old, she- could not manage.’

‘You'd be surprised what can manage her- and she- wants to, Emmah,’ said Trius, who had just entered they're- room carrying a bloodstained bag of dead rats.’

I have just been feeding Becca beak,’ she- added, in reply to Natalie’s enquiring look.’ I keep her upstairs in my mother’s bedroom.

Anyway… the writing desk…’ And of course not, and said Madam

Pomphrey, bristling… and, would have hurt someone I love!

Chapter: 152

Part: 1

And, well, then you have it, Severus, and said Duerre calmly. And, unless you are suggesting that Naddalin and Emmah can be in two places at once, I am afraid I do not see any point in troubling her further.

- And-

Lily stood them, seething, staring from Harlan, who looked

thoroughly shocked at the behavior, to Duerre, whose eyes were twinkling behind the glasses. Lily whirled about, robes swishing behind her, and stormed out of the area. And, Pergirl seems quite unbalanced, and says Harlan, staring after her. Besides, I would watch out for her if I were you, Duerre. And I'm so-o… too?’

So-o you have your exams coming up, haven’t you? The theory will be keeping your noses so hard to that grindstone they will be rubbed raw,’ said Céline with satisfaction.

‘Half our year had minor breakdowns coming up to flying your wings,’ said Katy happily. Tears And tantrums… Patricia Stim's girl kept coming over faint…’

‘Kenneth Tower came out in boils, you remember?’ Said Reanna reminiscently.

That is um- ah because you put Bilbao powder in her pajamas,’ said Katy. Which is nothing more than undies, that should be off anyways at night.

‘Oh yes,’ said Reanna, grinning.’ I'd overlooked… hard to keep track sometimes, isn’t it?’

‘Anyway, it is a nightmare of a year, the- fifth,’ said Katy.’ If you care about exam results, anyway. Reanna and I managed to keep our peckers up somehow.’

‘Yeah… you got, what was it, three flying with wings each?’ Said Jinger.

‘Yes,’ said Reanna unconcernedly.’ But we feel our futures

lie outside the- world of academic achievement.’

‘We seriously debated if she- they're- r we were going to bother- r coming back for our seventh year, said Katy brightly, now that we have.’

She- broke off at a warning look from Naddalin, who knew Katy had been about to mention the Tizard winnings she- had given them.

‘Now that we have our Flying horses with wings,’ Katy said hastily.’

I mean, do we need Newts?

Nevertheless, we did not think Mom could take us leaving Savannah early, not on top of Percy turning out to be the world's biggest prat.'

'We're not going to waste our last year here, though,' said Reanna, share, affectionately around at the Great Hall.' We're going to use it to do a bit of market research, find out exactly what the- average SKOUFYCEOL student needs from a joke shop, carefully evaluate them- results of our research, then produce products to fit them- DE- And.'

‘But where are you going to get them- gold to start a joke shop?’ Emmah asked skeptically. ‘You’re going to need all of them- ingredients, materials, and premises too, I suppose…’

Naddalin did not look at the twins. Her face felt hot; here- deliberately dropped her fork and dived down to retrieve it. She- come here- and see this art- it looks like three of you, I wonder why, Reanna says overhearing everything.’ Ask us no questions and we will tell you no lies, Emmah. Come on, Katy, if we get them

early, we might be able to sell a few Extendable Ears before Her- biology.'

Naddalin emerged from under the table to see Reanna and Katy walking away, each carrying a stack of toast.

'What did that mean?' Said Emmah, did Ya- hear from Naddalin and Jinger.'

'Ask us no questions…' Does that mean they have already got some gold to start a joke shop?'

'You know, I have been wondering about that,' said Jinger, her

brow furrowed. They bought me a new set of dress robes in the summer, and I couldn't understand and she- e they got them- Galleons…'

Naddalin decided it was time to take the conversation out of these dangerous waters.

'You reckon it's true the years are going to be tough? Since of the- question papers, and trails?'

'Oh, yes,' said Jinger.' Bound to be, isn't it? Flying with wings is important, the effect they are- jobs you can apply for and everything. We get

career advice, too, later the year, Sara told me. So, you can Savannahs What Newts you want to do next year.'

'You know what you want to do after SKOUFYCEOL?' Naddalin asked they're- other two, as they left, they're- Great Hall shortly afterward and set off towards the Shoetree of Magic classroom.' Not really,' said Jinger flying.' Except… well…'

She looked slightly shy.

'What?' Naddalin urged her.

'Well, it would be cool to be an Aurora-' said Jinger in an off-and-voice.

‘Yeah, it would,’ said Naddalin fervently.

‘But they, like, the- elite,’ said Jinger.’ You must be good.

What about you, Emmah?’

‘I do not know,’ she- said. ‘I think I would like to do something worthwhile.’

‘An Auroras worthwhile!’ Said Naddalin.

‘Yes, it is, but it is not them- only worthwhile thing,’ said Emmah

thoughtfully,’ I mean, if I could take a few further…’

Naddalin And Jinger carefully avoided that, with each other.

Shoetree of Magic was by common consent they are- most boring subject ever devised by wizard-kind with wings. Professor Bins, the ghost teacher, had a wheezy, jiggering voice that was almost guaranteed to cause severe drowsiness within ten minutes, five in warm weather.

She- never- ever- ever- never varied the- form of the ledgers but

lectured them without hesitating while they took notes, or rest her, gazed sleepily into space.

Naddalin and Jinger had so far managed to scrape passes in the subject only by copying Emmah's notes before exams; she- alone seemed able to resist the soporific power of voice.

Today, they suffered an hour and a half jiggering about giant wars. Naddalin heard just enough within the first ten minutes to appreciate dimly that in another teacher and the subject might have been mildly interesting, but

then, like- she brains disengaged, and she- spent the- remaining hour and twenty minutes playing hangman on a corner of the parchment with Jinger, while Emmah shot them filthy looks out of the- corner of her young little sweet eye.

(Awah)

‘How would it be,’ she- asked them coldly, as they left the classroom for a break

(Bins drifting away through the- blackboard,) ’if I refused to lend you my notes this year?’

‘Wed fails our FLYING HORSES,’ said Jinger.’ If you want that on your conscience, Emmah…’

‘Well, you would deserve it,’ she- snapped.’ You do not even try to listen to her, do you?’

(Nope- I thought in my wicked young sweet little mind, batting my eyes.)

‘We do try,' said Jinger, sounding like back home, said the other girls in the class to- all of them, too many names to list, yet they're all here-

…wave girls… and they all did uniquely- to each life they were.’

We just do not have your brains or your memory or your concentration, you are just cleverer than we are ~ is it nice to rub it in?’

(Cut)

Part: 2

Like some moments have passed…

‘Oh, do not give me that rubbish,’ said Emmah, but she looked

slightly mollified as she- led they are- way out into the damp courtyard.

A fine misty drizzle was falling out the old, carked windowpane so that the people time-wasting… were looking for freedom, I thought when you where did you got away for bull- sh*t'n school- 'Nah…' one looked…

'Nah…' the other girls looked at her and spoke.

School looking out a window- seems to be a thing with us- the panes in huddles around the edges of the yard looked blurred at the edges. Naddalin,

Jinger, And Emmah Havanans a secluded corner under she- avidly dripping balcony turning up the collars of the robes against the chilly September air and toluene about what Lily was likely to set them in the- first ledger of the year. They had as far as agreed that it was likely to be something extremely difficult, just to put them off guard after a two-month holiday, she- n someone walked around the- corner towards them.

‘She- lol’s at, Naddalin!’

Part: 3

It was Hayvannah Chang and, what was more, she was on her own again. This was most unusual: Hayvannah was always surrounded by a gang of giggling girls; Naddalin remembered the agony of trying to get her by herself to ask her to the Ball.

‘Hi,’ said Naddalin, feeling her face grow hot. At least you are not covered in Stink sap the time, she- told herself. Hayvannah seemed to be thinking along the same lines.

‘You got that stuff off, then?’

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, trying to grin as though they were the memory of the last meeting was funny as opposed to mortifying. ‘So, did you… err… have a good summer?’

The- moment she- had said that she- wished she- had not Joella had been Hayvannah’s significant other, and the memory of the death must have affected her holiday as badly as it had affected Natalie’s. Something taunted her face, but she said…’ Oh, it was all right, you know…’

‘Is that a Tornados badge…?’ Jinger deliquesced suddenly, pointing to the finger of Hayvannah’s robes, a sky-blue badge emblazoned with a double gold T’ was pinned.’

You do not support them, do you?’

‘Yeah, I do,’ said Hayvannah.

‘Have you always supported them, or just since they started winning the- league?’ Said Jinger, in what Naddalin considered an unnecessarily accusatory tone of voice.

‘I’ve supported them since I was six,’ said Hayvannah coolly.’ Anyway… see you, Naddalin.’

She walked away. Emmah waited until Hayvannah was halfway a-crossed the courtyard before rounding on Jinger.

‘You are so tactless!’

‘What? I only asked her if.’

‘Couldn’t you tell she- wanted to talk to Naddalin on her own?’

‘So-o? Her- she- could have Deanahe, I was not stopping’

‘Why on earth were you talking or playing around about the Claepsiara team?’

‘Playing? I was not talking; I was only saying.’

‘Who cares if she supports the- Tornados?’

‘Oh, come on, half the- people you see wearing those badges only bought them, last sea girl.’

‘But what does it matter!’

‘It means they are not real fans; they are just jumping on the- likewise wagon.’

That is the- bell,’ said Naddalin dually, because Jinger and Emmah were bickering too loudly to sue- is it. They did not stop arguing down to Snappiest dungeon, which gave Naddalin plenty of time to reflect that between, Neville and Jinger she- would be lucky ever to have two minutes of conversation, and with Hayvannah, that she- could look back on without wanting to leave the- country.

Besides, yet, she- thought, as they joined the queue lining up outside Snappiest classroom door, she- had Havanans to come and talk to her, had not she-? She- had been Sedaris's girlfriend; she- could easily have hated Naddalin for coming out of them- Tizard maze alive she would Joella had died, yet she- was toluene to her in a perfectly friendly way, not as though she- thought her mad, or a liar, or in some horrible way responsible for Sedaris's death…

Yes, she had Havanans come and talk to her, and that was the

second time in two days… And at the thought, Naddalin's spirits rose. Even the ominous sound of Snappiest dungeon door cracking open did not puncture the small, hopeful bubble that seemed to have swelled in her chest.

I- filed into the classroom behind Jinger and Emmah and followed them to our usual table at the back.

She, we, and- I- so-o like us, sat down between Jinger and Emmah and ignored the huffy, irritable noises now issuing from both. 'Settle down,' said

Lily with a cold mood, shutting the door behind her.

There was no real need for the call to order; the moment the class had heard the door close, quiet had fallen in addition to all fidgeting stopped. Snappiest mere presence was usually enough to ensure a class silence.

‘Before we begin today’s ledger,’ said Lily, sweeping over to the desk and staring around at them all,’ I think it proper to remind you that next June you will be sitting an important examination, during which you will

prove how much you have learned about the- composition and use of magical potions.

Minigenre though some of the classes undoubtedly are, I expect you to scrape an- ‘Acceptable’ in your FLYING or suffer my… displeasure.’

Her gazes lingered the time and moments on Neville, who gulped.

‘After the year, of course, many of you will cease studying with me,’ Lily went on.’

I take only the absolute best into my NEWT Potions class, which

means that some of us will certainly be saying goodbye.’

Her eyes rested on Naddalin and her lips curled. Naddalin glared back, feeling a grim pleasure at the idea that she- would be able to give up Potions after the fifth year.

‘But then again, we have another year to go before that happy moment of farewell,’ said Lily softly, ‘so, them, or not you are intending to try NEWT, I recommend all of you to concentrate your efforts on keeping

the- high pass level I have come to expect from my FLYING students.

In today's class, you will be mixing a potion that often comes up at Ordinary Wizarding Level- the Draught of Peace, a potion to calm anxiety and soothe- agitation.

Be warned, if you are too, she- any and with the- ingredients, you will put the- drinker into she- any and sometimes irreversible sleep, so-o you will need to pay close attention to what you are doing, and what I have shown you what to do.'

On Naddalin’s left, Emmah sat up a little straighter, her expression one of the utmost attentions. Them- ingredients and method-’ Lily flicked she and…’ are on the- blackboard…’

(They appeared to them.)

‘You will find everything you need-’ she- flicked her and so again…’ in the- store cupboard.’

(The- door of the cupboard sprang open.)

‘You have an hour and a half… start.’

Just as Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah had predicted, Lily could hardly have set them a more difficult, fiddly potion. These- ingredients had to be added to the- ceilinged in precisely the right order and quantities; the mixture had to be stirred exactly the right number of times, firstly in clockwise, then- and in anticlockwise directions; she had flames on which it was simmering had to be lowered to exactly the- right level for a specific number of minutes before the- final ingredient was added.

‘A light white vapor should now be rising from your potion,’ called Lily, with ten minutes left to go.

Naddalin, who was sweating profusely, looked desperately around the dungeon. She on her own could not seem to make this work- Jinger was issuing copious amounts of dark grey steam; Jinger’s was spitting green sparks, with no luck.

Laila was feverishly prodding the flames at the base of she could Jinger with the- tip of she and, as they seemed to be going out. Them- the

surface of Emmah’s potion, however, was a sharpening mist of white vapor, And as Lily swept by her- looked down she hooked nose at it without comment, which meant she- could find nothing to criticize.

At Naddalin’s ceilinged, however, Lily stopped and looked down at it with a horrible smirk on her faces.

‘What are they to be?’

Them- Slithering at the finger of the- class all looked up eagerly; they loved her- airing Lily taunt Naddalin.

Them- Draught of Peace,’ said Naddalin tensely. Tell me, - said Lily softly,’ can you read?’

Drallieah Mallerie laughs- ‘Yes, I can,’ said Naddalin, her fingers clenched- tightly around her then…

‘Read the- the third line of the- instructions for me-’

Naddalin squinted at the- blackboard; it was not easy to make out them- instructions through the- haze of multi-colored steam now filling they are- dungeon.

‘Enhance powdered moonstone, stir three times counterclockwise, simmer for seven minutes, and add two drops of syrup of she- labored.’

Then at that moment, her heart sank; she- had not added syrup of she- labored but had gone ahead straight to the- the fourth line of the instructions after allowing her potion to simmer for seven minutes.

'Did you do everything on the- third line?’

‘No,’ said Naddalin very quietly.

‘I beg your Deanah?’

‘No,’ said Naddalin, more loudly.’ ‘I forgot she labored…’

‘I know you did, which means that the mess is utterly worthless; evanesce.’

Them- contents of Naddalin’s potion vanished; she- was left timewasting foolishly beside an empty ceilinged.

Those of you who have managed to read them- instructions, fill one flagon with a sample of your potion, label it with your name and bring it up to my desk for testing,’ said Lily.’

Homework- twelve inches- of parchment magical paper on the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion marching, to be and in on Thursday.’

While everyone around her filled the flags, Naddalin cleared away her things, seething. Her potion had

been no worse than Jinger's, which was now giving off a foul odor of bad eggs; or Neville's, which had achieved the- consistency of just mixed cement and which Neville was now having to gouge out of she ceilinged; yet it was she, Naddalin, who would be receiving zero marks for the- days' work.

She- stuffed her things under her arm- given up completely, and then back into her bestie, and slumped down on to the seats, watching everyone else March- ah up to Snappiest desk with filled and corked flagons. Then finally the- bell rang, Naddalin was first out of

the- dungeon and had already started the lunch by the- time Jinger and Emmah joined her in the- Great Hall of the castle. The- ceiling had turned an even murkier grey during the- morning. The rain was lashing the- high windows.

That was unfair,’ said Emmah consolingly, sitting down next to Naddalin and helping herself to shepherds’ pie.’ Your potion was not as bad as Sayale’s; then she- put it in she flagon the- whole thing shattered and set her robes on fire.’

Besides, oh, she is not unbalanced and said- Duerre quietly. Besides, she just suffered a severe disappointment.

-And-

Besides, she is not the- only one!

Then puffed Harlan…

And she- Daily News Prop's is going to have a field day!

We had Black cornered and she slipped through our fingers yet again!

All it needs now is for the story of Ashlynn's escape to get out, and I will be a laughingstock! Well… I had better go and notify the- Bureau…

-And-

And the- Dementiators? Said Duerre.

-And-

They will be removed from there- Savannah, I trust?

-And-

And, oh yes, they must go, and said Harlan, running her fingers distractedly through the hair.

As well, never dreamed they would try to amrita the- Kiss on an innocent girl… Completely out of control… no, I will have them packed off back to Dizery, l, and tonight… We should think about dark angels at the- savannah entrance…

-And-

And deride would like that, and said Duerre, smiling at Naddalin and Emmah. As she- and Harlan left the-

dormitory, Madam Pomphrey hurried to the- door and locked it again.

Muttering angrily to herself, she- added going back to her office.

There was a low moan from the other end of the ward. Jinger had woken up. They could see her sitting up, rubbing her head, around the halls.

Part: 4

And, what - what happened? And she groaned. And Naddalin? Why are we here? Where’s Trius? Where’s Sevket? What is going on?

-And-

Naddalin and Emmah looked at each other.

And, you explain, and said Naddalin, helping herself to some more Hayvannah chocolate.

She- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah left they are- hospital wing at noon they are- next day, it was to find an almost deserted castle. The- sweltering, she- at and the- end of the- exams meant that everyone was dequeen full advantage of another

Claepsiara, of wizardry/angels and demons visiting.

Neither Jinger nor Emmah wanted to go, however, so they and Naddalin walked onto the- grounds around the massive castle, still toluene about the- extraordinary events of the- earlier night and wondering, was Trius and Becca, went on the beak- where they were now. Sitting near the- lake, watching the- giant squid waving its tentacles lazily above the- water blue and green and sparkling in the light glowing also a shade of red, Naddalin lost the thread of the- conversation as

she- looked across to the- opposite banks to the island that lay adjacent. The- stag with wings had galloped toward her from there just last night…

A shadow fell- crossed them and they looked up to see a very bleary-eyed Deride, mopping her sweaty face with one of the tablecloths- sized and kerchiefs and beaming down at them.

And now I should,’ feel happy, after what happened last night, and she- said. And mean, Black, escaping’ again, an, everything’ - but guess what?

-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now free!

We have been celebrating all night!

At Naddalin’s ceilinged, however, Lily stopped and looked down at it with a horrible smirk on her face.

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-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now free!

We have been celebrating all night!

-And-

Um, that is- wonderful!

Also said Emmah, giving Jinger a reproving look because she- looked as though she- was close to laughing.

And cannot have tied her up properly, and said Deride, gazing happily out over the grounds.

And was worried that morning,’ mind… thought she- might meet Professor Sevket on the- grounds, but Sevket says,’ she- never- ever- never- ever- ever- never, ate anything’ last’ night…

~*~

-And-

And, What? And said Naddalin quickly.

And Joannah, haven’ yen’s heard? And said Deride, she smiles fading a little. She like- lowered her voice, even though there was nobody in sight. And - Lily told all of them- that morning’…Though everyone would know by now… Professor Lapin’s a fallen werewolf with wings, see. And- like, he- was loose on the- grounds last night… she is packing… now, of- course.’

- And-

Um-

And she is packing?

Um-

And said Naddalin, alarmed.

And why?

Um-

And- Leavin,’ in’ here-? And said Deride, waited, surprised that Naddalin had to ask. And, Resigned first thing that morning.’ Says she- cannot risk it happening again.

- And-

Naddalin scrambled to her feet.

Um-

And I am going to see her, and she- said to Jinger and Emmah.

Um-

And- but if she resigned...

-And-

Um-

And - does not sound like they are anything we can do...

-And-

Um-

And do not care- about it.

Um-

And I am still wanting to see.

Um-

And I will meet you back here.

Um- And…?

Um- And Ah!!!

Part: 5

(Formerly)

Lapin’s office door was open. He/she who had no real gender as it could change back and forth- had already packed most of her things. Them- Grind low’s empty tank stood next to the battered old suitcase, that

could teleport from a person place to place when inside, which was open and full of all things it- he/she loved. Sevket was bending over something on the desks and looked up only when she- and Naddalin knocked on the door.

Um- and we saw you coming, said Sevket, smiling. She- pointed to the parchment she- had been poring over. It was the marauder's Map, where you can investigate it, and it takes you to any time in the remembrances of searching for lost time in the world's past.

And just saw Deride and said Naddalin. And, and she- said you had resigned. It is not true, is it? And…

And I am afraid it is and said Sevket. She started opening her desk drawers and dequeen out the contents.

And, why?

WHY?

WHY? - said Naddalin...

And them- Bureau of Magic do not think, you were helping Trius, do they?

Likewise- Sevket crossed to the door and closed it behind Naddalin.

And, No- professor Duerre managed to convince Harlan, that I was trying to save your lives.

And she- sighed some... And That was the final straw for Severus. The loss of the War of Nunez hit her hard. So, she- err - accidentally let slip that, I am a devil this morning at breakfast.

- And-

Like- like- like, you are not- leaving just because of that!

Say it is PMS- I want you too… said Naddalin. Sevket smiled wryly.

And she time Hayvanna-horror, the- Flying with wings will start arriving from parents…

They will not want a devil instructing the children, Naddalin.

And, after last- night, I see the point. I could have bitten any of you… That must never happen again.

-And-

And you are the best Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher we have ever had!

And said Naddalin.

And do not go!

-And-

Your baby talk is cute, yet you are getting too old for it… she said. Sevket shook her head and did not speak. She- carried on emptying the drawers. Then, while Naddalin was trying to think of a good argument to make her stay, Sevket said, and from what the head expert told me the

morning, you saved a lot of lives last night, Naddalin. If I am proud of anything I've Deanahe the year, it is how much you've erudite… Tell me about your Pat Jingerus.

And…

And, how do you know about that?

And, said Naddalin, distracted.

And, what else could have driven them- Dementiators back?

-And-

Naddalin told Sevket what had happened. she would- and he finished, Sevket was smiling again.

And, yes, your daddy was always a stag the- and the- transformed, and she- said.

And you guessed right… that is why we called her Pinger's.

And…

Sevket threw her last few books into the case, closed the desk drawers, and turned to look at Naddalin.

And here - I brought them from them- Checking Shack last night, and she- said, and Naddalin brought back the Invisibility Robe.

And…

she-and he- said, then held. out the marauder’s Map too. And, I am no longer your teacher, so I do not feel guilty about giving you back them as well. It is no use to me, And I daresay you, Jinger, and Emmah will find uses for it.

And…

Naddalin took the map and grinned.

And you told me Moony, Worm tail, Pad foot, And Pinger's would have wanted to lure me out of Savannah… you said they would have thought it was funny.

And…

And, and so we would have, and said Sevket, now reaching down to close the case.

And have known the situation in saying that Alyssa would have been highly disappointed if she had never-

ever found any of the secret passages out of the castle.

And…

Them- re was a knock on the door. Naddalin hastily stuffed the marauder’s map, and they are- Invisibility Robe into the pockets.

It was Professor Duerre. She did not look surprised to see Naddalin.

And your carriage is at the gates, Remus, - she said.

And Thank You, commander.

And…

Sevket picked up her old suitcase and the empty Grind low tank.

And, Well - goodbye, Naddalin, and she- said, smiling. And, it has been a real pleasure teaching you. I feel sure we will meet again sometime. Head expert, there is no need to see me to the gates, I can manage… And Naddalin had them- the impression that Sevket wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

And, Goodbye, then, Remus, and said to Duerre soberly. Sevket shifted them- Grind low tank slightly so

that she- And Duerre could shake and. Then, with a final nod to Naddalin and a swift smile, Sevket left the office.

Naddalin sat down in the massive chair, staring glumly at the floor. She- heard the door close and looked up. Duerre was still with them.

And, why so miserable, Naddalin? And she- said quietly. And you should be immensely proud of yourself after last night.

-And-

And, it did not make any difference, and said Naddalin bitterly. And Grohl got away.

-And-

And did it make any difference? And said Duerre quietly, and it made all the difference in the- world, Naddalin. You helped uncover the truth. You saved an innocent man from a terrible fate.

And…

Part: 6

Terrible- something stirred in Naddalin’s memory. Greater and more terrible than ever before… Professor Solis’s prediction!

And Professor Duerre - yesterday, she- and I were having my Divination exam, Professor Solis went very - very strange.

-And-

And… Indeed? And said Duerre… And - stranger than usual, you mean?

And yes… her voice went all deep and her eyes rolled, then she-

said… she- said AVA's servant was going to set out to return to her before midnight… She- said, like the- servant would help her come back to power.

Then, Naddalin stared up at Duerre. And, likewise… they- and she- became normal again, as normal could be anyways… and she- could not remember at all anything she had said. Like- like- like, now um was it - was the meeting a real prediction?

-And-

Duerre, then looked mildly impressed… with that thought. So-o, do

you know, Naddalin, I think she- might have been. And she- said thoughtfully. And who would have thought it? That brings her total of real predictions up to two. I should offer her a pay raise…

-And-

But Naddalin looked at her, in haste. How could Duerre take so freak'n calmly?

Like, but ah- I stopped Trius and Professor Sevket from killing Grohl!

That makes it my fault…? Um- if AVA comes back!

- And-

Like, it does not, and said Duerre quietly, and ever so softly alike.

And has not your experience with the- Time- Rewinder of Remembrance's Past- taught you anything, Naddalin? The- consequences of our actions are always so complicated, so diverse, that predicting the future is a very- exceedingly difficult business indeed…

Then and then- Professor Solis, bless her, is living proof of that… you

did a very- very noble- good thing, in saving Grohl's life.

-And-

Above that all, if she- helps, AVA back to power… And she may lose some of hers or worse.

And Grohl owes her life to you. No…? Yes…? Maybe…?

You have sent AVA a deputy who is in your debt… she is one wizard-with wings that save another wizard that has fallen. I like the young life; it creates a certain bond between them… Yes…? And I am much mistaken, and if

AVA wants her servant in the debt of Naddalin…

-And-

Like, I do not want a connection with Grohl!

And- said Naddalin. And she- betrayed my parents!

-And-

Like, she is magical at its deepest, it is almost impenetrable, Naddalin.

Yeah- trust me… the- time may come here- and you will be glad you saved Grohl's life, I am sure of this…

-And-

Naddalin like she could not imagine that she would be. Duerre looked as though her mind and body felt- knowing what Naddalin was thinking about this too deeply for her comfort.

And I knew your daddy very well, both at SKOUFYCEOL and later, Naddalin, and she- said gently. And

she- would have saved - too, I am sure of it.

-And-

Naddalin looked up at her. Duerre would not laugh - she- could tell Duerre…

And thought it was my dad who had conjured my Clans. I mean, she- and I saw myself a-crossed the lake… I thought I was seeing her.

-And-

And an easy mistake to make and said Duerre softly. And expect you

will tire of her- airing it, but you do look extraordinarily like Alyssa. Except for the eyes… you have the same eyes as your mother’s.

- And-

Naddalin shook her young little head.

Then, it was stupid, thinking it was her, and she- muttered.

Um- it was mean, I knew she- was dead.

Like- you think they are- dead we loved ever so- o truly leave us?

Like- you think that, um- we do not recall or evoke them more clearly, than ever in times of great trouble?

Like- your daddy is alive within you, Naddalin… it is good to remember that- and feel it- in here and pointing to her heart.

And shows herself most plainly she- and you require her. How else could you produce those Clans? Pinger’s rode again- last night.

- And-

It took a moment for Naddalin to realize what Duerre had said.

Anyhow- last night, Trius told me all about how they became Animagi and said Duerre, smiling.

Part: 7

Oh- a human extraordinary achievement it was unbelievable- not least, keeping it quiet from me. And the- n I remembered the most unusual form your Clans took, she- and it charged Mr. Mallerie down at your Claepsiara match against Raven’s Claw. You know, Naddalin, in a way, you did see your daddy last night… You found her inside yourself.

And Duerre left the office, leaving Naddalin to see very confused thoughts.

Nobody- at SKOUFYCEOL now knew the truth of what had happened to them- the night that Trius, Becca beak, And Grohl had vanished- except Naddalin, Jinger, Emmah, And Professor Duerre. As the end of term approached- Naddalin heard many different theories about what had happened, but none of them came close to the truth.

Mallerie was furious about Becca's beak. She- was convinced that deride had found a way of smuggling the Ashlynn to safety and seemed outraged that she- And she a gamekeeper had outwitted daddy. Percy Railie, meanwhile, had much to say about Trius’s escape.

~*~

And, If I manage to get into the Bureau, I will have a lot of proposals and a presentation to make about Magical Law Enforcement! And she- told they are- the only pergirl who

would listen - her significant other, Jenny.

Though they are- the weather was perfect, though the- atmosphere was so-o cheerful, though she- knew they had achieved the- near impossible in helping Trius to freedom, Naddalin had never approached- they are- end of a savannah year in worse spirits.

She certainly was not the only one who was sorry to see Professor Sevket go. The- whole of Naddalin’s Defense Against the Dark Arts class was miserable about the resignation.

And wonder what they will give us next year? And said, Laila Finnigan gloomily and glumly. And, An Ash Angels, and suggested Lacy Thomas hopefully.

It was not only Professor Lapin’s departure that was weighing on Naddalin’s mind. Like she- could not she- lap thinking a lot about Professor Solis’s prediction. She- kept wondering what Grohl was now, whether she- had sought sanctuary with AVA yet.

But they are- things that were lowering Naddalin’s spirits most of all was them- the prospect of returning to

the Andreasen. For half an hour, a glorious half-hour, she- had believed she- would be living with Trius from now on… she parents' best friend… It would have been the next best thing to having her daddy back.

And, while no news of Trius was good news because it meant she- had successfully- gone into hiding, Naddalin could not help but feel miserable about it all. she- and her- thought of the home.

She- might have had, and they are- fact that it was now impossible.

Them- exam results came out on the last day of term. Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah had passed every subject. Naddalin was amazed that she- had through Potions.

She- had a shrewd suspicion that Duerre might have stepped in to stop Lily from failing her on purpose. Sammie's behavior toward Naddalin over the past week had been quite alarming.

Naddalin would not have thought it possible that Sammie's

dislike for her could increase, but it certainly had.

'A muscle twitches' unpleasantly at the corner of Sammie's thin mouth every time she- looked at Naddalin, and she- was constantly flexing her fingers, as though itching to place them around Naddalin's throat.

Percy had top-grade Newt's; Reanna and Katy had scraped a hand of FLYING each.

Amsel House, meanwhile, thanks to the spectacular performance in them- Claepsiara Cup, had won the

House championship for the third year running. They meant that the end-of-term feast took place amid decorations of scarlet and gold and that they were- Amsel table was the noisiest of the- lot, as everybody celebrated.

Even Naddalin managed to forget about the journey back to the Andreasen the next day as she- ate, drank, talked, and laughed- with the rest.

Chapter: 153

Part: 1

(New kids on the block we say-new dead girls, coming.)

As the SKOUFYCEOL Express pulled out of the station they were the next morning, Emmah gave Naddalin and Jinger some surprising news.

Likewise, and went to see Professor Ashly in the morning, just before breakfast.

I have decided to drop non-magical people Studies.

And…

However, you passed your exam with three hundred and twenty percent! Said Jinger.

And now, and sighs- Emmah, And but I cannot and another year like the one. That Time-Turner was driving me mad. It has-magical and it is in. Without Non-magical people Studies and Divination, I will be able to have a normal schedule again.

And still cannot believe you did not tell us about it and said Jinger grumpily.

And we are supposed to be your friends.

And…

And, promised- like, like, like, I- I- I, would not tell anyone and said Emmah severely. She looked around at Naddalin, who was watching SKOUFYCEOL disappear behind a mountain.

Two whole months before she would see it again…

And, oh, cheer up, Naddalin!

And said Emmah sadly.

And I am- am okay and said Naddalin quickly. And just thinking about the holidays.

And, I have been thinking about them too and said Jinger. And Naddalin, you must come and stay with us. I will fix it up with Mom and Dad, them- n, I will call you. I know how to use a full tone now - And, telephone, Jinger, and said Emmah. And, honestly, you should take non-magical people Studies next year…And Jinger ignored her…

And it is the Claepsiara World Cup in the summer! How about it, Naddalin? Come And stay, and we will see it! Dad can usually get tickets from work.

And…

The proposal had the effect of cheering Naddalin up a great deal.

And … It is, um- a bet they are- Slash is pleased to let me come… especially after what I do to Aunt Marge… And… Feeling more cheerful, Naddalin joined Jinger and Emmah in several games of Exploding Snap, and

she- n the- witch with the- tea cart arrived, she- bought herself an exceptionally large lunch, though nothing with Hayvannah chocolate in it.

But it was late in the afternoon before the thing that made her genuinely happy turned up…

So, Naddalin, and said Emmah suddenly, peering over the shoulders.

And what is that thing outside your window?

-And-

Anyways, Naddalin turned to look outside. Something exceedingly small and gray was bobbing in and out of sight beyond the glass.

She stood up for a better look…

And saw that it was a tiny flying horse, carrying a letter that was much too big for it.

Them- Flying horses was so small that it kept tumbling over in the-air, buffeted the way, and that in the train’s slipstream, that was blasting red sparks and cloud of heat and red-colored smoke unfluffed the entirety of

the engines as if something from the deeps of the Underworld.

Naddalin quickly pulled down the window, stretchered- d out her arms, and caught it. It felt like a very fluffy Snitch. She- brought it carefully inside.

Them- Flying horses dropped her letter onto Naddalin’s seat and began zooming around the compartment, incredibly pleased with itself for carrying out its task. She- dig clicked her beak with dignified disapproval. Crook shanks sat up in the

seats, following them are- Flying horses with her great yellow eyes. Jinger, noticing them, snatched- they are- Flying horses safely out of harm's way.

Naddalin picked up the letter. It was addressed to her. She then- ripped open the letter and shouted, and it is from Trius!

-And-

And, what…?

And said Jinger and Emmah excitedly.

And read it aloud!

Part: 2

It said- Dear Naddalin,

I hope this finds you before you reach your aunt and uncles.

I do not know if they are used to Flying, like me.

Becca beak and I are in hiding. I will not tell you, in case the Flying falls into the- winger and. I have some doubts about the reliability, but she- is the best I could find, and she did seem eager for the job.

They are- Dementiators are still searching for me, but they have not the hope of finding me here; I am planning to allow some non-magical peoples to glimpse me soon, a long way from SKOUFYCEOL, so-o that the- security on the- castle will be lifted.

This is something I never got around to telling you during our brief meeting. It was I who sent you the Firebolt - And Ha- ha…! And said Emmah triumphantly. And- See- see- see…!

I told you it was from her!

And… like- like, um whatnot…

Yes, but she- had not jinxed it, had she-?

And said Jinger. And Ouch! And Them- tiny Flying horses now nan-a-ing happily in she and, had nibbled one of the fingers in what it seemed to think was an affectionate way.

-Crook shanks took the order to the Flying- Office for me.

-I used your name but told them all to take the gold from my own Mcqueeney vault. Now- please consider

it as freshmen year birthdays…' worth of presents from your god daddy.

I would also like to apologize, and for the fright, I think- I gave you that- that night, last year then you left your uncle's house.

I had only hoped to get a glimpse of you before starting my journey north, but I think the sight of me alarmed you.

I am enclosing something else for you, which I think will make your next year at SKOUFYCEOL more enjoyable.

If ever you need me, send a word. Your Flying horses will find me.

I will write again soon.

~Trius~

Part: 3

Naddalin looked eagerly inside the envelope. There was another piece of parchment in them. She- read it through quickly and felt suddenly as warm and content as though she had swallowed a bottle of hot butterbeer in one gulp.

I, Trius Black, Naddalin Maria's god daddy, by then give her permission to visit Claepsiara, Kalaheo of Wizardry- fallen girls on weekends.

And that will be good enough for Duerre! And- said Naddalin happily. She looked back at Trius's letter. And hang on, there is a PS…

- And-

I thought your friend Jinger might like to keep the Flying horses, as it is my fault, she- no longer has a rat.

Jigger's eyes widened… The minute Flying horses were still hooting

excitedly. And keep her? And she- said uncertainty. She- looked closely at the Flying horses for a moment; then, to Naddalin’s and Emma’s great surprise, she- held her out for Crook shanks to sniff.

And what do you reckon? And Jinger asked the wolf. And some flying horses?

-Crook shanks purred…

And that is good enough for me and said Jinger happily. And she is mine.

Naddalin read and reread the letter from- Trius back into the village train station on the other side of the castle and the tall bridge.

It was still clutched- d tightly in her and as she, Jinger, And Emmah stepped back through the barrier of platform nine and three-quarters.

Naddalin spotted Uncle Read at once.

She- was time-wasting a good distance from Mr. And Mr.’s. Railie, eyeing them suspiciously, and then Mr.’s. Railie hugged Naddalin in

greeting, her worst suspicions about the seemed confirmed.

And I will call about the Worldly Championship Cup! And Jinger yelled after Naddalin as Naddalin bid her And Emmah goodbye, then whirled the- trolley bearing her trunk and she-digs cage toward Uncle Read, who greeted her in the usual fashion.

And what is that? And she-snarled, staring at the envelope Naddalin was still clutching in her hand. And, if it is another form for me to sign, you have another…

And, it is not, and said Naddalin cheerfully.

And it is a letter from my god daddy.

And Godaddy? And, sputtered Uncle Read. And, you do not have a good daddy!

And, yes, I have and said Naddalin brightly. And she- was my mom and dad’s best friend. Her- ’s a convicted murderer, but she’s broken out of wizard priority and she’s on the run. She likes to stay connected with

me, though… keep up with my news… check if I am happy…

And, grinning broadly at the look of horror on Uncle Read’s face, Naddalin set off toward the station exit, her- dig rattling along in finger of her, for what looked like a much better summer than the last.

And, no, and said Naddalin. And she was not a teacher.

And, but it must have been a powerful wizard, to drive all those Dementiators away… If they are- Clans

was shining so brightly, didn't it light her up?

Couldn't you see it…?

And, I saw her and said Naddalin flying horses. And, but… I imagined it… I was not thinking straight… I passed out right afterward…

And who did you think it was?

And think - and Naddalin swallowed, knowing how strange they were going to sound.

And it was my dad.

Naddalin glanced up at Emmah and saw that her mouth was fully open now. She- was gazing at her with a mixture of alarm and pity.

And Naddalin, your dad’s - well - dead, and she- said quietly.

And knew that and said Naddalin quickly.

And you think you saw the ghost?

And do not know… no… she- looked solid…

And, But then…

I was looking at things and said Naddalin. And, but… from what I could see… it looked like her… I have photos of her…

-And-

Emmah still thought of home, though I was worried about her sanity.

Part: 4

And now it sounds crazy and Naddalin Flatley. She- turned to look at Becca's beak, who was digging her beak into the ground, searching for worms. But she- was not watching Becca beak.

She- was thinking about her daddy…

And about her daddy are three oldest friends…

Moony, Worm tail, Pad foot, And Pingers…

Had all four of them been out on the grounds tonight?

Worm's tail had reappeared the evening she- and everyone had thought she- was dead… Was it so impossible her daddy had Deanahe the same?

Had she- been seeing things across the- take? Them- the figure had been too far away to see distinctly…

Yet, she- had felt sure, for a moment, before she had lost consciousness…

Them- leaves overshoe- and rustled faintly in the breeze.

The moon drifted in and out of sight behind the shifting clouds.

Emmah sat with her face turned toward the Willow, waiting.

And then, at last, after over an hour…

And here we come! And Emmah sheared.

She- And Naddalin got to his feet.

Becca beak raised her head. They saw Sevket, Jinger, And Grohl clambering awkwardly out of the hole in the roots.

Then came Emmah… then and then- unconscious Lily, drifting weirdly upward. Next came Naddalin and

Black. They all began to walk toward the castle.

Naddalin’s heart was starting to beat amazingly fast. She glanced up at the vast sky.

Any moment now, that cloud was going to move aside and show the moon… And Naddalin, And Emmah muttered as though she knew exactly what she- was thinking, and we must stay put.

We must not be seen. There is nothing we can do…

(Thought)

Funny to me after Karly's final death, she can ride a horse. It is all she wants again, in this world of falling-too… and here in this shadowy hollow, where Jenny is like me like she is still nagging her about it. GO- figure…?

~*~

So-o, we are just going to let Grohl escape all over again…

And said Naddalin quietly, how do you expect to find a rat in the dark? And snapped Emmah. And there is nothing we can do!

We came back to sue- lap Trius; we are not supposed to be doing anything else!

And all right! And…

The- moon slid out from behind its cloud. They saw the tiny figures across the grounds stop. Them- n they saw movement-

And she goes- Sevket…

And Emmah sheared.

And she is transforming.

And Emmah! And said Naddalin suddenly. And we must move!

And we must not, I keep telling you-

-And-

And, not to interfere! Lapin's going to run into the forest, right at us!

-Then-

Emmah gasped…

And, Quick! And she- moaned, dashing to untie Becca beak. And, Quick! Here are we going to go? Where are we going to hide? Them- Dementiators will be coming at any moment.

And, Back to Dargide's! And, Naddalin said. And it is empty now - come on!

And…

They ran as fast as they could, Becca beak cantering along behind them. They could be like the devil flying sing behind them…

Them- the cabin was in sight; Naddalin skidded to the- door, wrenched- it open,

And Emmah and Becca beak flashed past her; Naddalin threw herself in after them and bolted the

door. Fang the- boarhound barked loudly.

And, Fang, it is us! And said Emmah, hurrying over and scratching her ears to quieten her. And that was close! And she- said to Naddalin.

And, And, AND!

Naddalin was LIKE, out of the window. It was much harder to see what was going on from the shore. Becca beak seemed incredibly happy to find herself back inside Darcie’s house. She then- laid down on the finger of the

fire, folded her wings contentedly, and seemed ready for a good nap.

And think I had better go outside again, you know, and said Naddalin flying horses.

And cannot see what is going on - we will not know when it is time.

-And-

Emmah looked up. Her expression was suspicious.

And, I am not going to try and interfere, and said Naddalin quickly. And, but if we do not see what is going

on, how are we going to know she- and it is time to rescue Trius?

-Then-

And, Well… okay, the- and… I will wait for her with Becca's beak… but Naddalin, be careful - they are a devil out them - And they are- Dementiators.

And…

Naddalin stepped outside again and edged around the cabin. Her- could hear yelp in the distance. That meant they are- Dementiators were closing in

on Trius… She- and Emmah would be running to her any moment…

Naddalin started here toward the lake, her head doing a kind of drumroll in her chest… Whoever had sent that Clans would be appearing at any moment…

For a fraction of a second, she stood, irresolute, in the finger of Darcie’s door. You must not be seen. But she did not want to be seen. She- wanted to do them- seeing… she- had to know…

And then where they are-

Dementiators. They were emerging out of the darkness from every direction, gliding around the edges of the lake… They were moving away from here- Naddalin stood, to the opposite bank… She- would not have to get near them… Naddalin began to run. She- had no thought since she except her daddy… If it was her… if it was her… she- had to know, had to find out…

Them- the lake was coming nearer and nearer, but there was no sign of anybody. On the opposite bank, she- could see tiny glimmers of silver -

she owns attempts at a Clans- then there was a bush at the very edge of the water. Naddalin threw herself behind it, peering desperately through the leaves. On the opposite bank, the glimmers of silver were suddenly extinguished. A terrified excitement shot through her - any moment now- and come on! And she- muttered, staring about. And she, are you? Dad, come on…

- And-

But no one came. Naddalin raised her head to look at the circle of

Dementiators across the lake. One of them was lowering its hood.

It was time for the rescuer to appear - but no one was coming to sepal the time - and, where- it hit her - she- understood. She- had not seen her, daddy, she- had seen herself - Naddalin flung herself out from behind the bush and pulled out she and.

And EXPECT ATHENAEUM! And she yelled.

And, out of the- end of them and burst, not a shapeless cloud of

mist, but a blinding, dazzling, silver animal.

She- screwed up her eyes, trying to see what it was. It looked like a horse.

It was galloping silently away from her, across the black surface of the lake. She- saw it lower its head and charge at the swarming Dementiators… Now it was galloping around and around the black shapes on the ground, and they were- Dementiators were falling back, sweltering, retreating into the darkness… They were gone.

Them- Clans turned. It was cantering back toward Naddalin a-crossed they- still, the surface of the water. It was not a horse.

It was not a unicorn, either. It was a stag. It was shining brightly as the moon above… it was coming back to her…

It stopped at the bank. Its hooves made no mark on the soft ground as it stared at Naddalin with its large, silver eyes. ‘Flying horses,’ it bowed its antlered head. And Naddalin

realized… and Pinger’s, and she-sheared.

But as she was trembling, fingers stretched- toward the creature, it vanished.

Naddalin stood them, and still outstretched. Then, with a great leap of she heard, she- heard hooves behind her. She- whirled around and saw Emmah dashing toward her, dragging Becca's beak behind her.

And what did you do? And she-said fiercely. And, you said you were only going to keep a lookout!

-And-

And just saved all our lives… And said Naddalin. And get behind here behind the bush - I will explain.

-And-

Emmah listened to what had just happened with the mouth open yet again.

And did anyone see you?

And, yes, yes, and- yet, have you not been listening? I saw myself, but I thought I was my dad!

It is okay! And…

He- he- he- Naddalin, I cannot believe it… You conjured up a Clans that drove away all those Dementiators! That is very, very advanced magic.

And…

Like, I knew I could do it this time, and said Naddalin, and because, I had already Deanahe it… Does that make sense?

-And-

Naddalin, who happened to be in the room at the time, froze as she-head Jigger’s voice answer.

And… HELLO?

Hey, hi, and greetings? Like- like- like- UM- CAN YOU HEAR- ME? I - WANT - TO - TALK - TO - NADDALIN-!

Jinger was yelling so loudly that Uncle Read jumped and shield, the receiver a foot away from the ear, staring at it with an expression of mingled fury and alarm.

And WHOM IS THEM? And she- roared in the direction of the mouthpiece.

And WHO ARE YOU?

And then…

INGER - RAILEY! And Jinger bellowed back, as though she- Equally- Uncle Read were sequin from opposite ends of a football field. And I AM - A - FRIEND - OF - NADDALIN’s - FROM - SAVANNAH - Similarly…

Uncle Read’s small eyes swiveled around to Naddalin, who was rooted in the spot.

The same to say that an all-yen’s, HERE them IS NO NADDALIN - HERE! And she- roared, now holding

the receiver at arm’s length, as though frightened it might explode.

And DO NOT KNOW WHAT SAVANNAH YOU ARE TOLUENE ABOUT! NEVER CONTACT ME AGAIN! DO NOT YOU COME NEAR MY FAMILY!

And…

And she threw the receiver back onto the telephone as if dropping a prodigious spider.

Them- a fight that had followed had been one of the worst ever.

And, HOW DARE YOU GIVE THE NUMBER TO PEOPLE LIKE…

-PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

-And-

Uncle Read had roared, spraying Naddalin with spit.

Jinger realized that she had gotten Naddalin into trouble because she- had not called again.

Naddalin’s other best friend from SKOUFYCEOL, Emmah Kizziah, had not been in touch either. Naddalin suspected that Jinger had warned

Emmah not to call, which was a pity, because Emmah, the- cleverest witch in Naddalin's year, had non-magical people parents, knew perfectly well how to use a telephone, and would have had enough sense not to say that she-went to SKOUFYCEOL.

If she- had not, she might have found it harder to concentrate on military exercises at sunrise. She then made a stop by the road to buy herself a blueberry bun from the bakery, to eat with the tea.

Most of them had never seen a Flying horse- flaying girls yes not horse- even at nighttime. Mr. Natalie, however, had a perfectly normal, Flying horses-free morning.

She yelled at five dissimilar folks.

In the office- Her- made several significant telephone calls, being all grown up and crap- and shouted a bit more… at dumbasses! Or so she called them…

A cranky piece of crap some called her…

Even if said- that she- was in a very noble mood until mealtime, where it went downhill from them- re… yes… she- n she- thought she would stretch her them was butt- And up the leg on the- lift the side and farted hard. That is my she- loll to you- to say to the girl behind her… thanks for sharing… she- got up and then walked across the- road to buy herself a bun from the- bakery.

Them- the effect of the simple sentence on the rest of the family was incredible: Dariez gasped and fell off the chair with a crash that shook the

whole kitchen; Mr. S. Sleyash gave a small scream and clapped her and to a sure- a mouth; Mr. Sleyash jumped to her feet, veins throbbing in the temples.

She had forgotten all about the people in Robes until she passed a group of them next to the bakers.

She- eyed them angrily as she- passed. He did not know why, but they made her uneasy and UNCOMFORTABLE.

The bunch was shearing excitedly, too, and she- could not see a

single collecting tin. It was on the back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that she- caught a few words of what they were saying.

And she is, that is right, that is what I heard, yes, the girl, Naddalin.

-And-

Mr. Natalie stopped dead.

Fear flooded her… mind and body.

She- looked back at the whisperers as if she- wanted to say

something to them but thought better of it.

She- dashed- back across the road, hurried up to the office, snapped at her secretary not to disturb her, seized the telephone, and had finished- d dialing her home number she- n she- changed her mind. She- put the receiver back down and stroked her mustache- thinking...

No, she- was being stupid.

-Was not such an unusual name. She- was sure there were lots of

people called - who had a girl called Naddalin.

Come to think of it, she- was not even sure her nephew- w was called Naddalin.

She never- ever even seen the girl.

It might have been Harvey. Or Hanna.

Them- was no point in worrying Mr.’s. Natalie; she- always got so-o upset at any mention of the sister.

She- did not blame her really- if she had had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in Robes...

And meant' please'! Also, said Naddalin quickly. Also, it did not mean...

-And-

(Now)

Also... WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU, Also, thundered her uncle, spraying spit over the table, Also ABOUT SAYING THEM'S' WORD IN OUR HOUSE?

And, but I am - Equally so-o-

…?…

Then and when…

(Back)

HOW DARE YOU THREATEN DARIEZ!

Holy freak’n piss, roared Uncle Read, pounding the table with the fists.

(Aha)

Sh*t- Her- she- a found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and whether she- left the- building at five o’clock, she- was still so

worried that she- walked straight into someone just outside the- door.

Crap- Sorry, and she grunted, like them- a tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Natalie realized that- the man was wearing a violet Robe. She did not seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground.

On the contrary, her face split into a wide smile, and she- said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, f*CK- Do not be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today!

Rejoice, for You- Know- Who has gone at last! Even Non-magical people like yourself should be celebrating their happy, joyful day!

Damn…

And- and- like, um- them- old man hugged Mr. Natalie around the middle and walked off.

Mr. Natalie stood rooted in the spot.

She- had been hugged by a stranger.

She- also thought she- had been called a non-magical person, whatever that was.

She- was rattled.

She- hurried to her car and set off for home, hoping she- was imagining things, which she- had never hoped before, because she- did not approve of imagination.

As she- pulled into them- the driveway of number four, the first thing she- saw - And it did not improve the mood- was them- tabby wolf she had spotted that morning. It was now

sitting on her garden's wall. She- was sure it was the same one; it had them- the same marking around its eyes.

Mother F*CK-er…

It just gave her an unyielding look. Them- Flying horses were back at the window… Um- Shoo sucking crap! And said Mr. Natalie loudly as she- said- at the pc, over clips.

The- wolf did not move either from her spot under the tree next to the corner. Was it ordinary behavior for these beasts? And I just - thank you and

that may hurt myself… like in the brain and crap- ol- la like that.

Sh*t'n- and like ah- ah- ah, I WARNED YOU! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THE MENTION OF YOUR ABNORMALITY UNDER THEIR ROOF! And- crap- crap- crap-

Naddalin started from her purple-faced uncle to her pale aunt, who was trying to sheave Dariez to her feet.

Crap- crap- crap-

… All right, um said Naddalin, And all right… And…

Crap- crap- crap-

Uncle Read sat back down, breathing like a winded rhinoceros, and watching Naddalin closely out of the corners of her small, sharp eyes.

Ever since Naddalin had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Read had been treating her like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Naddalin - was not a normal girl. She was not as normal as it is possible to be.

Naddalin - was a wizard fallen angel - a wizard one and angel number

two- fresh from the first year at the school for girls Hayvannahol of Witchcraft and Wizardry- and getting your wings. And if them- Andreasen were unhappy to have her back for the holidays, it was nothing to how Naddalin felt.

She- missed at the school for girls so much it was like having a constant (Savanna) Hayvannah hatcher-. She- missed the- castle, with its secret passageways And ghosts, she classes (though perhaps not Lily, them- Potions master,) the mail arriving by Flying horses, eating banquets in the-

Great Hall, sleeping in the four-poster bed in the- tower dormitory, visiting them- gamekeeper, Dargide, in her cabin next to the- Forbidden Forest in the- grounds, And, especially, Claepsiara, them- a most popular sport in the- wizarding world (six tall goal posts, four flying balls, And fourteen players on broomsticks.)

All Naddalin‘s spell- books, and her, robes, could Jinger, and top- other- line Nimbus Two Thousand broomstick had been locked in a cupboard under the- stairs by Uncle Read them- instant Naddalin had come home.

What did them- Andreasen care if Naddalin um lost her place on the House Claepsiara team because she- had not practiced all summer?

What was it to them- Andreasen if Naddalin went back to Hayvannahol without any of her homework Deanahe?

Them- Andreasen were wizards called non-magical peoples (not a drop of magical blood in the veins…)

And as far as they were concerned, having a wizard in the family was a matter of deepest shame,

falling to death, and having black wings was worse than that.

Uncle Read had even padlocked Naddalin‘s Flying horses, herding, inside the cage, to stop her from carrying messages to anyone in the wizarding world.

Mr. Natalie speculated… all this and speculating was all he could do…

Trying to pull herself together as she- was sitting on them- can, leaving her job mead day like drawing to do so-o she- walked without knowing

she- was doing so-o… like being pulled into them- the evil of it all- she- let herself into the- house. She still decided not to mention anything to the wife. That the power was taken over the mind and body.

Mr.’s. Natalie had had a nice, ordinary day.

She told her over dinner all about Mr.’s. Next Door’s problems with the daughter and how Alisha had learned an unfamiliar word…

(And… NO…!)

Mr. Natalie tried to act Hayvanna- hay.

When Alisha had been put to bed, she- went into the- lounge in time to hook up on the- last report on them- sundown news: And, besides, in conclusion, bird onlookers all over have recounted that them- nation’s Flying horses with wings have been behaving very strangely today.

Yet not in the way she- was seeing them, they said about it- yet, not about what she- was seeing with it.

Although flying with wings normally hunt at night, and are hardly ever seen considering the day, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since daybreak- the day before And. Experts is unable to explain why them- Flying horses with wings have suddenly changed the slumbering pattern.

- And-

Pergirls have been celebrating you can see them- barrel firs in them- streets- within them- night early- dusk-

it is not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight.

Them- broadcaster allowed herself a smile.

Most mysterious… Um now, over to Lenah Barton with them- weather. Successful to be any more when a- Flying horses with wings tonight, girl? And Viewers as far apart as Jackie, Promising, And Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I assured yesterday, they have had a downpour of shooting stars! And … Well, Dee, and said them-

weathercaster, and I do not know about that, but it is not only them- Flying horses with wings that have been acting oddly today. I was hoping to make a wish to see if the casting of whatever would go away.

Mr. Natalie sat frozen in her armchair.

Shooting stars all over Britain?

Flying horses with wings flying by the light of day? Mysterious individuals in shawls all over them- the place looks like something out of them- the 1920s? And, a murmur, a murmur

about who they are… who is and who is and who's… like sharpers.

She- cleared her throat nervously. And, wow, dear- you have not heard from your sister lately? And it was not good. Her- would have to say something to her about them.

Mr.'s. Natalie came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. Sharing- as she- had estimated, Mr.'s.

Natalie watcher- d surprised and ever so-o irritated.

They mock them, she- did not have a sister- so that was them- a story

made up of the little mind. It is not good to have or see them- abnormal! Like them… something is going down.

And, and- and- and sh*t- Nope, and s- she- said abruptly. Why…?

Why is the question with no answer?

Why- was the question…

~*~

And humorous paraphernalia on them- news, And Mr. Natalie muttered. And, flying horses with

wings... shooting stars... And pussies oh my! She looked up at her with a grin.

Looking aroused and around them- was them- re was a cute young, coupled kissing making out- And making love on a bench- she- was sitting on her, And, feeling all- the madness- in plain eyesight.

Desirable, them- where a lot of humorous-looking folks in town today... doing just them- see things... it was madness- love was in the- air like them- evil cast over me- And some- that had been seen. And- And- So-o? And,

cracked Mr.’s. Natalie. And, well, I just thought... perchance... it was to do with... you know... she crowds- and why. And the chat was complex and hard to understand- for one to them- another topic.

Mr.’s. Natalie swallowed her tea through squeezed lips. Mr. Natalie wondered where- them- r she- dared tell she had heard the- name- and she- decided she- did not dare.

Instead, she- said, as unconcernedly as she- could, And The baby girl she would be about Alisha’s

age now, wouldn’t she? And… and - yes, I suppose so-o, And I'm said Mr.’s. Natalie stiffly.

And… What is her name again? Not sure - she- said- why does it matter…?

Um… Naddalin? An offensive, uncommon name, if you ask me. SH*T- I did not but okay I feel the same.

And… Oh, sure… said Mr. Natalie, she hears plummeting extremely.

And…

Sure, I quite agree with you.

And…

On the way up the staircase, no words were said, as they made the way up to the bedroom, or some alone time to do what was natural. While Mr.'s. Natalie was in the bathroom, Mr. Natalie stole to them- bedroom window and peered down into them- Inert Garden. Looking out and over Them- the damn wolf was still them- looking up at her- now- yet, in the- same way as with her- as before. It had not moved a bit.

Was she- imagining things? Or was their pussy acting as if she- could hear what I was thinking…

Could all they have something to do with them? If it did… them- query was why- do you know? If it got out that they were related to a pair of- well, she- did not think she- could bear it.

Chapter: 154

Part: 1

Them- Natalie’s got into bed wearing nothing more than her underwear,’ Mr.’s. Natalie fell asleep quickly, but Mr. Natalie lay awake

looking at her and all the parts of her body in love, nonetheless, turning it all over in their minds, as she- was feeling she was up with her right so- o.

They knew very well what she- and Jennath thought about them and the kind… Her last, she- attending thought before and she- fell asleep was that even if they were compiled, there was no motive for them to come near her and Mr.'s. Doll girl.

She- could not see how she- and could get mixed up in whatever, that might be going on- she- stretched-

as well as turned over- it could not affect them...

How very mistaken she- was to think the thought.

Mr. Natalie might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the wolf on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness.

So, the fat lazy ass- did move... Just like in a cartoon I want to throw a boot. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblameable; at me time-wasting- re naked eating Cheetos... next to a bean bag chair... on... Them-

did not so-o much as quiver she- n a car door thumped on the- next street, nor she- n two or three Flying horses with wings swooped above. In truth, it was a few hours before the wolf moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner they were the wolf had been watching- only me- and me only, not- looking away- it gave them- an idea so-o suddenly, and silently you would have thought she had just popped out of the ground. Them- wolf’s tail yanked besides its eyes tightened.

Zilch- zero- like the man had ever been seen on the motorway.

She- was giant, tinny, and self-same deep-rooted, referencing the silver of her hair and beard, which were in cooperation long enough to tuck into her belts.

She- was tiring long robes, a dark yet rosy wrap that swept they are-ground, And high- she- eyed, Misshapen boots.

Her- indigo- yet with some blue eyes were light, bright, as well as twinkling behind half-moon spectacles,

in addition to that she noses were exceptionally long and crooked like she is yellowing teeth, as on the- other and, it has been broken at least twice- like she and- for being dumb.

The man’s name was Roberts Dreibund.

Roberts Dreibund did not seem to understand that she- had just been at home in a street then the whole thing from the description to sue gumboots was undesirable.

So-o, Naddalin had had no word from any of the wizarding friends

for five long weeks, and the summer was turning out to be as bad as the last one. Them- re was just one exceedingly small improvement - after swearing that she- would not use her to send letters to any of the friends.

Naddalin had been allowed to let her Fly, they were out at night.

Uncle Read had given in because of the racket herding made if she was locked in the cage all the time.

Naddalin finished writing about Wendel in the Weird And paused to listen again. The- silence in the-the

spooky house was broken only by they are- distant, grunting snores of the enormous cousin, Dariez.

It must be extremely late, Naddalin thought. Her eyes were itching with tiredness. She would finish the essay Hayvanna-horror night…

She- replaced the- ribbon; pulled an old pillowcase from under the bed; put the- flashlight under with her, a forbidden type of Magic, she essays, back the typewriter to her hands; now she would not out of bed; and hid the-

lot under a loose floorboard under the bed.

Then she stood up, stretched, and checked the time on the luminous alarm clock on the bedside table.

It was one o’clock in the morning. Naddalin’s Savannah gave a funny jolt. She- had been thirteen years old, without realizing it, for a whole hour.

Yet another unusual thing about Naddalin was how little she- looked forward to her birthdays.

She- had never- ever received a birthday card in life.

Them- Andreasen had completely ignored the last two birthdays, and she- had no regard to suppose they would remember them one.

The man- old with them- long white long beard was full of activity dipping into the wraps, beholding for something.

On another hand she- did seem to understand she- was being watched, for the- regard that she- looked up

unexpectedly at the wolf, the supplementary finish of the thoroughfare, mind going a little Lonny… For some motivation, the sight of the wolf gives the impression to make her laugh.

She chuckled and muttered and was a duty-bound to have known.

- And-

She originates what she- was beholding for in her privileged pocket. It was a green zip- o cigarette lighter.

She flipped it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. Whoosh- hair

smoldering- I thought it was going to happen… The- adjoining gas streetlamp went out with a slight hush sound.

She clicked it again- the next lamp wavered into dimness and gloominess.

13 times she- be on them- the same wavelength the- Put- External, ’til the- only lights left on the- whole street where two miniature pinholes in the- coldness, which were them- judgments of the- wolf watching her with emerald eyes.

Uncertainty any per girl observed out of the window now, even beady-eyed Mr.’s. Doll girl, they wouldn’t be able to see no matter what that was fashionable down on the roadway.

Naddalin looked nothing like the rest of the family.

Uncle Read was large and neckless, with an enormous black mustache and a long beard-; Aunt Jennath was horse-faced and bony; Dariez was a blond-haired person, pink, and porky.

Naddalin, on the other hand, was small and skinny, with brilliant green eyes…, And jet-black hair that was always untidy. She wore round glasses, and on her, forehead was a thick scar… that was etched hatched, in like a drawing.

Naddalin walked across the darkroom, past her- dig's large, empty cage, to the open window. She leaned on the sill; the cool night air pleasant on her face after a long time under the blankets. Herding had been absent for two nights now.

Naddalin was not worried about her: she had been gone long before.

Nevertheless, she hoped she would be back soon - she was the only-living creature in the house who did not flinch at the sight of her.

Naddalin, though still rats her small and skinny for the ages, had grown a few inches- s over the last year.

Her strawberry blond hair, however, was just as it always had been

- stubbornly untidy, whatever she- did to it.

Them- eyes behind the glasses were bright green, and on she foresee-ad, visible through the hair, was a thick scar, shaped like an angels body- with wings at a side view, of a past girl named NEVAEH, the one she was the blame for this all… the same depiction was on a blue acoustic cutaway cracked no longer play guitar- that was Havens, hand painted- I would add, with all the things that meant everything to the girls within the stories of the life, like lost chapters.

For some reason, this drawing of her keeps reappearing in all our lives. (All the girls have the story names on the side, with gold trim.)

Hear- here it is… and to think some ass hole said- ‘It was not worth keeping back in her hometown.’

It was the scar that made Naddalin so particularly unusual, even for a wizard- she had the mark of a good angel.

The scar was them- the only a hint of Naddalin‘s very mysterious past, of the- regard she- had been left on the-

Andreasen' doorstep eleven years before, turned up from the floor up with a ring through her clit, like all of them of the past.

Of all the unusual things about Naddalin, the scar was the most extraordinary of all. It was not, as the Andreasen - that family that took over the Amsel orphanage had pretended for ten years, a souvenir of the car crash that had killed Naddalin's parents, because… there does not need to be a way- of it… Lily… was like her

Kristen… too…

The question is why…

And then I thought about it…

You do not need a why… or to have a motive… it was all just because- because we can- and to get at you for the sick thrilling joys- of proving it- they want you to know it is them- so you are the one that looks crazy… for saying the why- of it all… I have been to them, and no one believes me- yet- the same with them.

And the question- still is why…?

Part: 2

And Alyssa- had not died yet was already one that we all heated… here at this school.

They had been murdered, murdered by the most feared Dark wizard for a hundred years, the crazy within the mind…

Lord AVA, new pet though- you get why…?

I keep away as much as I can now from them, yet the war is never over with her and them.

(Back)

Naddalin had escaped from them- the same attack with nothing more than a scar on her forehead and a ring, she- Ava's curse, instead of killing her- here, had rebounded upon its originator. Barely alive, Ava had fled…

Final- death here is like- a thing… if you keep losing power, or others want you out… then it back to Earth to haunt… in unhappiness.

But Naddalin had come face-to-face with her at the school for girls.

Remembering the last meeting as she- stood at the dark window,

Naddalin had to admit she- was lucky even to have reached- her thirteenth birthday.

Silhouetted against the wonderfully- amazing big moon, and growing larger every moment, was a large, strangely lopsided creature, and it was flapping in Naddalin’s direction.

Part: 3

She stood quite still, watching it sink lower… And lower; for a split second, she- hesitated, and on the- window latch, wondering whether to slam it shut.

Still, they- and the bizarre creature soared over one of the streetlamps that were flicking a flame, off Privet Drive, in reflection on the wet path, And Naddalin, realizing what it was, leaped aside.

Through the window, three Flying girls with wings. It was them those girls that picked on her- now me, yet I and my girls would not stand for this… the conflict was on.

Two of them held up the third, which was unconscious, to all that was around them.

Some time had passed…

Then them was a soft lump on Naddalin’s bed, and the middle grade- girls- flying angel- young girls- that where for them- them- them- just looking at me- and she- all creepy like, they would not leave and they wanted all of me, with me and she large gray, keeled right overhead she and I lay motionless, nude bodies in- tangled together, in our bed, staying away from them and they hate of what they do not understand. Them- was a large package tied to its legs. So-o, she and I kissed- and hugged tight, and loved each other

going down on, and more and such, and let the babies play the games- pick and tease.

Part: 4

Naddalin recognized them- unconscious Flying horses at once - the name was Errol, and she belonged to the Railie family.

Naddalin dashed to the bed, untied the cords around Errol’s legs, took off the parcel, and then- n carried Errolie to Sabre-dove’s cage.

Errolie opened one bleary eye, gave a feeble hoot of thanks, and began to gulp some water.

Naddalin turned back to the remaining Flying horses with wings and the girls with them.

One of them, them- large white female, was shedding.

She- too, was carrying a parcel and looked extremely pleased with herself; she- gave Naddalin an affectionate nip with her beak as she- removed the burden, then- and flew across the room to join Errolie.

Naddalin did not recognize them- third girl, and some tawny one, but she- knew at once where it had come from because, in addition to a third package, it was carrying a letter bearing them- At the school for girl's crest.

When Naddalin relieved the Flying horses of its burden, it ruffled its daddy's important stretcher- d its wings and took off through the- a window into the- night.

Naddalin sat down on her bed then grabbed Errolie's package, ripped

off the brown paper, and discovered a present wrapped in gold and her first-ever birthday card. Fingers trembling slightly, she opened the envelope.

Two pieces of paper fell out - a letter and a newspaper clipping.

Them- clipping had come out of the- wizarding newspaper, the- Star Press- because of the- people in the- black- and- the white picture was moving.

Naddalin picked up the clipping, smoothed it out, and read- the- scanned them- starry sky for a sign

of herding, soaring back to her with a dead mouse dangling from her mouth, expecting praise.

Gazing absently over the rooftops, it was a few seconds before Naddalin realized what she- was seeing.

At the age of one year old, Naddalin had somehow survived a curse from the greatest Dark Sorcerer Angel of the demons of all time, Noble Ava, whose name most watcher- s and wizards- fallen angel still feared to speak.

Naddalin ‘s parents had died in Ava’s attacks, but Naddalin had escaped with scars and brandings, and somehow - nobody understood- why- WHY- Ava’s powers had been demolished- instant she- had failed to kill- Naddalin.

So-o Naddalin had been brought up by the dead mother’s sister and her hubs and... She- had spent ten years with them- Andreasen, never- ever understanding why she- kept making odd things happen without meaning to, believing them- Andreasen;

story that she- had her scar in the car crash that had killed the parents…

…We all thought yes right!

And then, exactly a year ago, the school for girls had written to Naddalin, and then the whole story- had come out.

Naddalin had taken up the places at wizard Hayvannahol, when she- And her scar was- so- a famous… but now them- the Hayvannahol year was over, and she- was back with them- Andreasen for them- summer, back to

being treated like a dog, that had rolled in something smelly.

(Back in time)

The- Andreasen had not even remembered that today happened to be Naddalin’s 12th birthday.

Of course, her hopes had not been high; they had never given her a real present, let alone a cake - but to ignore it completely…

At that moment, Uncle Read cleared her throat importantly and said, Besides, now, as we all know, today is an especially important day.

-And-

Naddalin looked up, hardly daring to believe it.

BUREAU OF MAGIC EMPLOYEE SCOOPS girl AND PRIZE-

‘Yeah, well,’ said Naddalin, glowering at her plate, ‘since which has Lily ever been fair to me?’

Neither of the others answered, all three of them knew that Lily and Naddalin’s mutual enmity had been absolute from the moment Naddalin had set foot in at the school for girls.

‘I did think she- might be a bit better this year,’ said Emmah in a disappointed voice.’ I mean… you know…’ she- looked around carefully; there were half a dozen empty seats on either side of them and nobody was passing the table...

‘… Now she’s in them- War and everything.’

‘Prodigious toadstools Do not change the spots,’ said Jinger sagely.’ Anyway, I have always thought Duerre was cracked to trust Lily. Where’s she-

evidence she- ever really stopped working for You- Know- I Mean?'

'I think Duerre's probably got plenty of evidence, even if she doesn't share it with you, Jinger,' snapped Emmah.

'Oh, shut up, the pair of you,' said Naddalin heavily, as Jinger opened her mouth to argue back. Emmah And Jinger both froze, looking angry and offended.'

'Can't you give it a rest?' Said Naddalin.

‘You’re always having a go at each other; it's driving me furious.’

And abandoning shepherd’s pie, she- swung she Hayvannahol- bag back over the shoulders and left them sitting on them.

She walked up the marble staircase two steps at a time, past the many students hurrying towards lunch.

Them- anger that had just flared so unexpectedly still blazed inside her, and they are- a vision of Jinger…

And Emmah’s shocked faces afforded her a sense of deep satisfaction. Serve them right, she- thought, why cannot they give it a rest… bickering all of them- time… it is enough to drive anyone up them- wall…

She- passed the- a large picture of Sir Lloyd to a knight on an l’s and Sir Lloyd drew her sword and brandished it fiercely at Naddalin, who ignored her.

‘Come back, you scurvy dog! Stand fast and fight!’ yelled Sir Lloyd in an inaudible voice from behind her visors, but Naddalin merely walked on,

and either Sir Lloyd tried to follow her by running into a neighboring picture, she- was rebuffed by its inhabitant, a large and angry-looking wolfhound.

Naddalin spent the rest of the lunch hour sitting alone underneath the trapdoor at the top of Northern Tower, just under the bells.

Consequently, she- was the first to ascend them- a silver ladder that led to Sara... Solis's classroom when- n the- bell rang.

After Potions, Divination was Naddalin's- least favorite class, which

was due to Professor Solis's habit of forecasting her sudden death every few lessons.

A thin woman heavily draped in shawls and glittering with strings of beads, she would always remind Naddalin of insects, with her glasses hugely magnifying her eyes.

We have read her books here… them too…

She would- was busy putting copies of battered leather-bound books on each of them- spindly little tables with which the room was littered when

Naddalin entered them- room. But the light cast by them- lamps covered by scarves and them- low burning, the sickly scented fire was so dim she would- appeared not to notice her as she- took a seat in the shadows.

Them- the rest of the class arrived over the next five minutes. Jinger emerged from them- a trapdoor, looked around carefully, spotted Naddalin, then made unswervingly for her, or as directly as she- could while having to send her way between tables, chairs, and overstuffed puffs.

‘Emmah and I have stopped arguing,’ she- said, sitting down beside Naddalin.

‘Good,’ grunted Naddalin.

‘But Emmah says she'd- thinks it would be nice if you stopped taking out your temper on us,’ said Jinger.

‘I’m not…’

‘I’m just passing on the message,’ said Jinger, talking over her.’

Nevertheless, I reckon she would- is right. It’s not our fault how Laila and Lily treat you.’

‘I never said it…’

‘Good day,’ said Professor Solis in her usual misty, dreamy voice, and Naddalin broke off, again feeling both annoyed and slightly ashamed of herself.’

Besides, welcome back to Divination.

I have, of course, been following your fortune's most carefully over the holidays, and I am delighted to see that you have all returned to the school for girls safely as, of course, I knew you would.

You will find on the tables before your copy of the - ‘Little Girls Bible.’

Dream interpretation is the most important means of divining the future and one that may very probably be tested in your FLYING.